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Fucking Emily Dickinson

Shelly Rodrigue

Andrea Saunders Gereighty / Academy of American Poets Award Winner

A handful of that chestnut hair
And I'm gone.

No words pass between us
On our Wild Nights except for
Poems we scatter across
The worn hardwood floor
Toppling her tiny desk down
With a bang and new poems
She fingernails into my back
As I press her against that
Flowered wall.

No, these won't ever be found
Or stuffed into a bureau drawer
Next to the small bed on which
She shoves me down and climbs on top.

For a moment,
I am paralyzed by her Sherry Eyes—
A luxury, if I ever had one, but
Before she can settle in, I flip
Her over and learn her body's landscape
With my tongue.
She bites her lip and moans,
"Put your Poetry where your Mouth is."
And I taste what Billy Collins
Only dreamed of before.